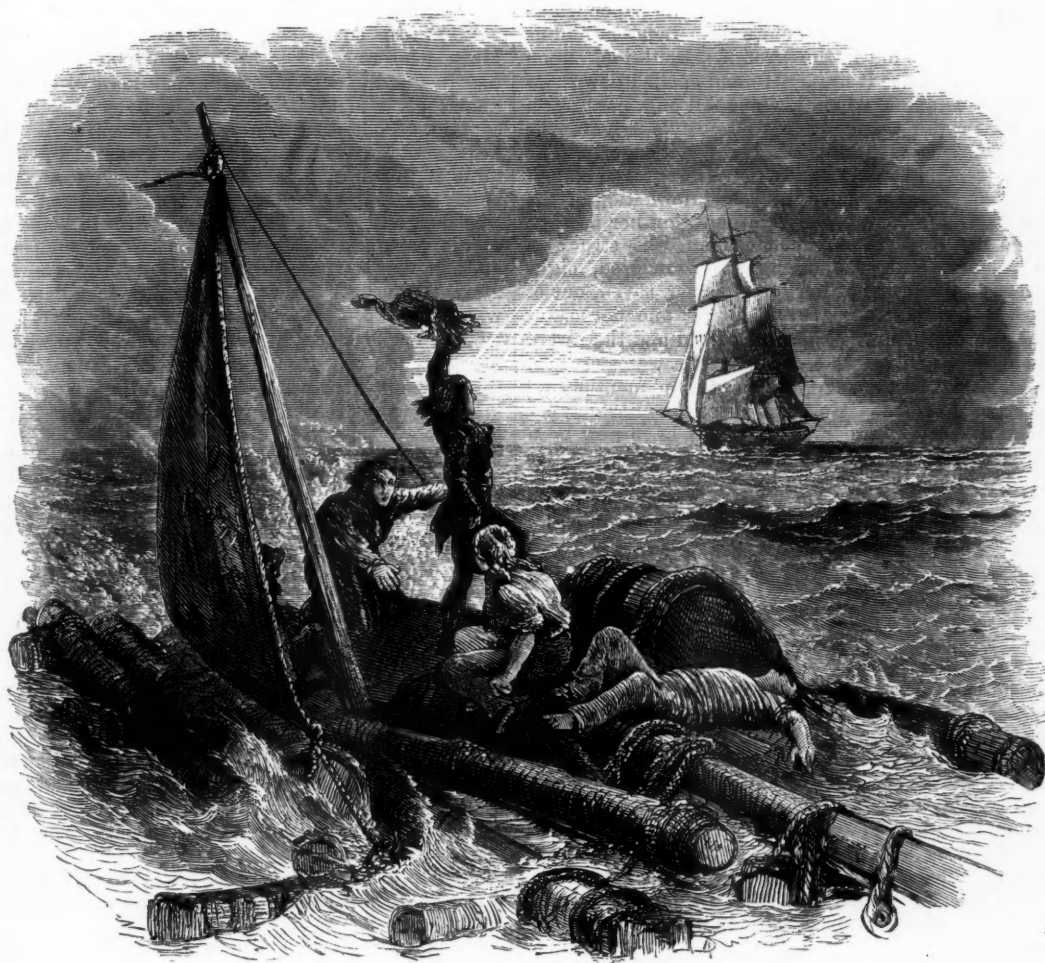


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



SAVED AT LAST.

ROGER KYFFIN'S WARD.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE OLD FAMILY DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOME.

PAUL GAUNTLETT watched the Mr. Sleetches till they disappeared at the farther end of the avenue, amid the shadows of the trees.

"I am thankful they're gone without me doing them a mischief, but the colonel said to me, 'Paul, take charge of this place till you deliver it up to my nephew, the captain,' and that is what I hope to do," soliloquised the old soldier.

He stood for some minutes inside the porch, with his hands clasped before him in a stand-at-ease position. His plans were speedily formed. There were four stout fellows he could rely on generally employed about the grounds. He placed them, with thick oaken cudgels in their hands, two at a time, to watch the approaches to the hall, while he himself, armed in a similar manner, continued at intervals night and day to pace round and round the house, to see, as he said to himself, that the sentries were on the alert.

Once or twice Mabel caught sight of him, and wondered what he was about, but he did not think it necessary to inform her and her aunt of his plans. His chief post was the front porch, where he would sit the livelong day, keeping a watchful eye up and down the avenue. His only entertainment was reading the newspaper, which was brought by a man on horseback from Lynderton. It was a very different production from the large sheet of news at the present day.

Whatever were Mr. Sleech's plans, he seemed to have some hesitation in putting them into execution, for day after day Paul was allowed to keep his post unmolested.

One morning the groom brought the paper which had arrived the evening before from London, and as the ladies were out in the grounds, Paul took upon himself to peruse it first. He had spelled down two or three columns, when his eye fell on a paragraph in which the name of his Majesty's frigate the "Brilliant" was mentioned. He read it eagerly. The paper trembled in his hands. "We regret to state," so it ran, "that we have received information of the loss of H.M.'s frigate, the 'Brilliant,' on her passage out to the North American station. She struck on an iceberg, and soon afterwards foundered, eight persons only in one of her boats being saved, out of the whole ship's company, including one lieutenant and a midshipman. Captain Everard and the rest of the officers and ship's company met a watery grave. [The names of the survivors were then mentioned.] The boat reached Halifax, those in her having suffered fearful hardships, and they have now been brought home in the 'Tribune.'" The old soldier let the paper sink down by his side.

"The captain gone!" he murmured, in a low voice—"the captain gone, and no one to stand by Miss Mabel; and that poor lad, too, on whom she had set her young heart. He lost! Oh, it will break it, it will break it."

Paul's courage failed him when he had to tell the two ladies of their grievous bereavement.

While still trying to bring his mind to consider what he should do, he saw a person approaching the house by the avenue. He clutched his stick and threw up his head. It might be Mr. Sleech or one of his myrmidons. He would do battle with them to the death, at all events. The stranger approached, Paul kept eyeing him. His scrutiny was more satisfactory than he had expected.

"He does not look like one of Mr. Sleech's villains," he said to himself.

The stranger came close up, without hesitation, to Paul, whose aspect was, however, somewhat threatening.

"I think I know you, my friend," said the stranger, with a kind expression, though his look was sad. "I have come to inquire about a young man in whom I am deeply interested. I find that he was here some time back. I have been enabled to trace him. I speak of Harry Tryon. Do you know anything of him?"

"If you will tell me who you are, sir, it may be I will answer that question," said Paul.

"I am Roger Kyffin—Harry Tryon's guardian—will that satisfy you, my friend?" was the answer.

"Ah! that it will, sir," answered Paul, in a tone of sadness which struck Mr. Kyffin.

"Can you give me any account of the lad?" asked Mr. Kyffin, in an anxious voice.

"He went and entered aboard the 'Brilliant,' and now he's gone, sir, gone!" answered Paul. "He and the captain both together. They lie many fathom deep in the cold ocean out there. I have been over the spot. There, sir, read what is writ there; that tells all about it," and the old soldier handed Mr. Kyffin the newspaper.

Roger Kyffin read it with moistened eyes, and a choking sensation came in his throat.

"It is too true, I am afraid. The account is fearfully circumstantial!" he ejaculated, as he read on, searching about for any further notice of the event.

"But are you certain my dear boy was on board the 'Brilliant'? What evidence have you?"

"Certain sure, sir," answered Paul. "Our Mary, who was going to marry Jacob Tuttle, saw him just as the ship was sailing, and our Miss Mabel knows all about it. She knew he was with the captain. Poor dear young lady, it will break her heart, and Mary's too, and Madam Everard's too, and mine if it was not too tough. I wish that I had received marching orders with the colonel not to see this day, and yet it is a soldier's duty to stand fast at his post, and that's what the colonel told me to do, and that's what, please God, I will do, and look after these poor ladies, and little Mary too, and widow Tuttle,—they will all want help. Oh! sir, when a battle's fought or a ship goes down with all her crew it's those on shore feel it. I used not to think about that when I was fighting, but now I know how poor women feel, and children left at home."

"Rightly spoken, my friend," said Roger Kyffin, grasping Paul's hand. "You feel for the fatherless and widow. It is a right feeling, it's a divine feeling; it's as our Father in heaven feels. Have all my hopes come to this?—thus early cut off, my boy, my Harry! Let me look at that paper again. I must try and see the people who are mentioned here. They may tell us how it happened. Might they, notwithstanding this account, by some means have escaped?"

"I know what it is to be on board a foundering ship in the midst of the stormy ocean, darkness around, strong men crying out for fear of death, the boats swamped alongside. Words of command scarcely heard, or if heard not attended to, and then, when the ship goes down, down too go all things floating round her. No, sir, no, I cannot hope, and that's the fact of it."

"Have you told the ladies?" asked Mr. Kyffin. "It will be a fearful thing breaking the matter to them."

"I have not, sir, and I would as lief have my head blown off at the cannon's mouth," answered Paul; "but it must be done, and what we have to do is to consider the best way of breaking it to them. Never flinch from what must be done, that's what the colonel always said."

Roger Kyffin at first thought of requesting Dr. Jessop to communicate the sad intelligence; but he was afraid lest in the meantime it might in a more abrupt manner reach the ears of Miss Everard and her aunt. He determined, therefore, to introduce himself, and in the presence of Paul to mention the account he had seen in the papers, expressing at the same time a hope which he himself could not help entertaining, that those in whom they were most interested might have escaped.

While Roger Kyffin and Paul were still discussing the matter, a carriage rapidly approached the house. Three persons got out of it. One of them started with a look of astonishment when he saw Mr. Kyffin. It was Silas Sleech. He, however, quickly recovered his self-possession.

"Sad news this, sir, the death of our relative the captain," he said; "it's what sailors are liable to, though. Allow me to introduce my father, Mr. Tony Sleech—Mr. Roger Kyffin. Although fortune may smile on me, I don't purpose yet deserting business and Idol Lane. 'Business is business,' as you've often observed, Mr. Kyffin, and I love it for itself."

"I really don't understand what you mean," said Mr. Kyffin. "How can Captain Everard's death affect you?"

"Ah! I see you are not acquainted with the state of the case," said Mr. Silas. "We won't trouble you with it. My father and I have come to condole with the ladies who are now staying here, on their bereavement, and to tell them that we, who are heirs-at-law, beg that they will not trouble themselves to move for the next two or three days. After that, you see, it would be very inconvenient for us to be kept out of the property."

Silas evidently said this more for Paul Gauntlett's information than for Mr. Kyffin's, though his eye dared not meet that of the old soldier. Paul clutched the stick which seldom left his grasp. The moment for action had arrived. In another instant the Mr. Sleeches—father and son—would have felt its force, had not a third person, who had got out of the carriage, stepped forward. He had from the first kept his eye upon Paul, and now saw by the movement of his hand that he meditated mischief.

"I am an officer of the law, and have been brought to see that the law is respected," he said, stepping up to Paul. "You had better not use that stick, that's all. Mr. Sleech has sworn that he expects forcibly to be kept out of this property, which is legally his; therefore let any one at his peril attempt to interfere with his proceedings."

"He never swore a truer word in his life," exclaimed Paul, clutching his stick. "I care for the law, and I respect the law, but I don't respect such sneaking scoundrels as you and he," exclaimed the old soldier, lifting his stick with a savage look.

Silas sprang down the steps, knocking over his father in his descent.

The constable eyed the old soldier. Though his locks were grey, he looked like no mean antagonist. The man seemed doubtful whether it would be wise to attack him.

"I call all here to witness that I have been assaulted in the execution of my duty by this man, the attendant of the late Colonel Everard," he said, as he also retreated more slowly down the steps.

"Do you intend to prevent the rightful owners from taking possession of their rightful property?" he exclaimed, from a safe position at the bottom of the steps, at the top of which stood Paul, still flourishing his stick.

"The rightful owners have got the property, and the rightful owners will keep it," answered Paul.

The Mr. Sleeches and their companion on this retired to a distance, to consult apparently what steps they would next take.

"You must not attempt to impede the officer in the execution of his duty, my friend," said Mr. Kyffin, "you will gain nothing by so doing."

"I don't expect to gain anything," answered Paul. "I am only obeying the colonel's orders in keeping the house against all intruders. If these people aren't intruders, I don't know who are."

"If they have the law with them we must not interfere," again repeated Mr. Kyffin. "I am anxious to break the sad news to the ladies before these men do so abruptly. I should have thought better of Silas Sleech; but I suppose he has been urged on by his father."

"One's no better than the other, in my opinion," muttered Paul. "However, sir, if you will tell the poor ladies what has happened in as gentle a way as possible, I will bless you for it. As for me, I could not do it, that I could not."

With a sad heart Mr. Kyffin took his way through the grounds, hoping to fall in with Mabel and her aunt. Paul Gauntlett in the meantime kept guard at the door, while two other stout fellows with bludgeons appearing round the corner of the house, induced the besiegers to keep at a respectful distance.

Mr. Kyffin soon met the two ladies. He had no doubt who they were, and at once introduced himself. The result of his announcement, though made as cautiously as possible, can better be imagined than described.

"If it is so, God's will be done!" said Madam Everard, whose whole thoughts were centred in her niece, whom she and Roger Kyffin with difficulty bore to the house. The news soon flew around the place, and Dr. Jessop hearing it at once repaired to Stanmore, where he found his old friend Roger Kyffin.

For several days Mabel lay almost unconscious, attended carefully by Dr. Jessop, through whose speedy arrival, in all human probability, her life had been saved.

Scarcely had she begun to recover, than Mr. Sleech, armed with further authority, arrived at the Park. Mr. Wallis was in consultation with Madam Everard. She and her niece must remove at the bidding of her brother-in-law.

"Nothing can be done," said Mr. Wallis. "At all events, no attempt must be made to prevent his being admitted into the house." With a heavy heart Paul Gauntlett heard the lawyer's decision, though even then he seemed very doubtful whether he ought to submit to Madam Everard's orders.

"I would rather a thousand times have fought it out to the last, and died in the breach," he exclaimed, dashing his stick on the floor. "However, if it must be, it must be, and it's not the first time a scoundrel has gained the day and got into the place of an honest man."

Paul had abundance of occupation for the remainder of his stay at Stanmore.

With a countenance in which sorrow, anger, and indignation were blended, he assisted in packing up the property belonging to Madam Everard and her niece. This was at once conveyed to Lynderton, where a house had been secured for them. In as short a time as possible they removed from Stanmore Park with everything they possessed. Scarcely were they out of the house than Mr. Sleech and his family took possession.

Silas, however, lost the satisfaction of taking up his abode at the Park as the owner, for Mr. Copping informed him that he must either give up his situation or return to the counting-house.

He selected the latter alternative, greatly to Mr. Kyffin's surprise. The estimation in which that gentleman held Mr. Silas Sleech had of late been considerably lowered. He once had thought him a hard-working, plodding, honest fellow who could be thoroughly trusted—a valuable man in a counting-house. Several circumstances had of late come under Mr. Kyffin's notice with regard to Silas Sleech's mode of life. What he saw of him at Stanmore and heard of him at Lynderton had also yet further lowered him in his estimation. His mind was one especially addicted to forming combinations. He put several things he had seen and heard of Mr. Sleech together. To this he added his own opinion on certain documents which Mr. Sleech had produced, with apparent unwillingness, to criminate Harry.

He also found from the porter in Idol Lane that the two young men had been in the constant habit of going out together, and very often not returning till a late hour. These and other circumstances which need not be narrated, made Mr. Kyffin resolve to watch very narrowly the proceedings of Mr. Sleech for the future. Suspicion is more easily aroused than quieted. On further inquiries he had no doubt that the letter for which Silas Sleech had called during his absence, addressed to his house at Hampstead, was from Harry, and that it had been purposely withheld, although Silas declared, when taxed with receiving it, that he had forwarded it to Ireland. Altogether there was a fair prospect that the rogueries of Mr. Silas Sleech would be brought to light. Still, however, he sat at his desk, working on with apparently the greatest diligence, and the same unmoved countenance as usual.

In the meantime Mr. Sleech had taken possession of Stanmore for his son, and he and his family were making themselves thoroughly at home in their own fashion. They were somewhat indignant that the neighbourhood did not immediately call and pay that respect which their relatives had been accustomed to receive. It cannot be supposed that Mr. Wallis, nor even Dr. Jessop, had been silent with regard to the way Mr. Sleech had behaved to his sister-in-law and niece, while Paul Gauntlett took every opportunity of describing how he had defended the house, and how they had ultimately outmanœuvred him.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ON THE RAFT.

WE must now go back to a solitary raft which bore Captain Everard, Harry Tyron, and Jacob Tuttle tossing on the bosom of the wide Atlantic. The sea, after the foundering of the frigate, had gone down, and several casks had floated, which had been secured by the occupants of the raft. One contained bread, another meat, and a third, more valuable still, water. By these means there seemed a prospect that those on the raft might preserve their lives. Still, as day after day passed by, and their provisions decreased, the fate from which they had at one time expected to escape, again appeared to approach them.

Eagerly they strained their eyes, in the hope of seeing a sail, but the sun rose and the sun went down again and still they floated all lonely on the ocean. The last drop of water was expended, not a particle of food remained. They knew that a few days might probably end their existence. Harry Tryon kept up his spirits, and endeavoured to sustain those of Captain Everard, who felt acutely the loss of his ship. Harry, however, had not made himself known

to him, while Jacob Tuttle always addressed him by the name of Brown. One of their number was sinking fast, another poor fellow had become delirious. It seemed too likely that they would drop off one by one till none remained upon the raft. Again the weather became threatening. A dense mist lay over the water. Few of those on the raft expected to see another daybreak. At length, however, the dawn appeared, but still the mist surrounded them. Suddenly it broke, and the bright sun burst forth and shed his rays on the white canvas of a vessel close to them. They shouted and waved. Their voices could not have been heard, but they were seen. The vessel bore down upon them, and in a few minutes they were hoisted safely on board.

The vessel was from the St. Lawrence, homeward bound. They were treated with kindness. The weather was fine. For many days they made good progress. They were expecting in the course of another day to sight the Irish coast. A gale sprung up. They were driven off the coast. The brig was dismasted, and lay helpless on the tossing ocean. Just when about to get up jury masts, a strange sail hove in sight. She was a French privateer, and the battered vessel became her prize. The officers of the merchantman, with Captain Everard and part of the English crew, were taken on board the privateer; but several men, among whom were Jacob Tuttle and Harry, were left on board the brig to assist the prize-master in navigating her into port. Fortunately, however, on her voyage the prize was separated from the privateer, and was recaptured by a British man-of-war, to whose decks Harry and Tuttle, with several other able-bodied seamen, were transferred, while the prize was sent into Falmouth.

Harry soon discovered that all ships in the British navy were not alike, and he and Tuttle often wished themselves on board the "Brilliant," under the command of Captain Everard.

ROME IN 1871.

BY MARY HOWITT.

III.—THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

LIFE is nowadays so hurried that events need to be instantly chronicled if they are not to be passed unnoticed, like the quickly recurring stations on a rapid railway journey. One event instantly succeeds another, and when we have time to look back we see a long perspective, yet are we still rushing on into a still more momentous future. Let me try to record a few of these passing events before they are quite gone.

If France had not absorbed all interests, even those of the religious world, the affairs of Rome would have taken a much stronger hold on public attention. As it is, however, the stone "cut out of the mountain without hands" is in motion, and whether the world looks on or not, a mighty force impels it forward, and the Papacy will be crushed in its fall. The very nations which had hitherto upheld it are themselves shaken or fallen. A Papal journal some time ago deplored that Austria had sustained severe blows; "Austria," it said, "which was elected by Heaven to defend Catholicism, which duty, had she but faithfully discharged, would have brought down upon her the blessings of God." To this *La Liberta*, one of the papers in the Italian interest, replies:—"True; yet

nevertheless Austria faithfully discharged the duty of shedding the blood of her children in defence of the temporal power of the Pope; but we may be allowed to ask what Austria won in the end by her Catholic zeal, and what were the blessings of God which followed it? In 1855 Austria, by means of the Concordat, bound herself hand and foot to the Court of Rome; she might be regarded as the slave of Rome; and what happened? Four years afterwards she lost Lombardy; ten years later Venice, and all authority in Germany. Were these the promised blessings? Take another example—France! France had long ago done everything that human power could do to maintain the temporal power of the Pope; soldiers, money, prayers, intrigues, diplomacy, propaganda; in short, everything. Now behold poor France! prostrate, humiliated, dismembered, reduced to a condition most pitiable. Are these the promised blessings of Heaven? A third example offers itself—Spain. Isabella of Bourbon desired nothing so much as to send her soldiers in defence of the Holy Father, and if the times had favoured her she would have set the world in flame to prove her Catholic zeal! And where now is Isabella? In exile, forgotten. Travelling *incognito*; as, for instance, last summer in Switzerland as Mrs. Phoenix, whilst the Italians are in Rome, and whilst a son of Victor Emmanuel reigns in Madrid. The King of Naples, a most Catholic ally of Pio Nono, where is he? Where are all the little princes of Italy who were a while ago so briskly on foot? All, in short, who yoked themselves to the fatal chariot of the Papal Court, and who proclaimed themselves the champions of Catholicism, as Rome teaches it, have come to grief, without hope of restoration.”

The above may be taken as a specimen of the outspoken and startling truths which the Liberal press is now daily disseminating amongst the people, and against which the Pope issued his anathema. The reading of these papers, twelve in number, the names of which are given, is solemnly interdicted, they all of them being, it is stated, “eminently indecent, hypocritical, lying, and irreligious.” And perhaps there is no wonder in this, when the lives and actions of the Pope and his most favoured and influential Cardinals and Monsignors are freely canvassed and commented upon by them. The old sanctity is gone; the Pope, spite of his self-arrogated Infallibility, cannot, with all these short-sighted and outspoken censors round him, seat himself on the throne, or usurp the authority of God. It may therefore be imagined what must be the effect on the minds of the Pope and his councillors now that they see the old barriers broken down, and find that which has been spoken in darkness proclaimed in light, nay, as if from the very house-tops.

Almost every day, in fact, some incident is occurring or some disclosure being made which shakes the already tottering Popedom. Thus not very long ago a public scandal was abroad regarding the manufacture of spurious relics which had been going on for years, by the officials of the Lipsanoteca, or court in which relics sold by the papal authority are preserved and sent forth.

The manufacture of and trade in false relics has, it is stated, been carried on briskly since 1828, and indeed, it was only an excrescence on what was considered the legitimate trade in relics of the Roman Court. Hence it happens that the pieces of the true cross and the nails of the crucifixion have become so

numerous, all the world over, as to furnish sufficient wood and iron for every crucifixion that ever took place, whilst the skulls and bones of saints, male and female, are so multiplied as to suggest the idea that each respective saint had three or four bodies, at least, whilst on earth. The Popes have always had an officer whose business it was to authenticate relics. Of late it has been a Jesuit, and he had nothing more to do than to declare any old dead body to be that of any particular saint, and it was accordingly sold in fragments as such, being authenticated by certificates sealed and signed by the Vicar-General of the Pope.

The priests, however, whose names are all given in a little book now published on the subject, had of late years employed two brothers of the name of Campodonico; one of whom was a maker of small shrines, for which the other furnished pieces of bone, as relics of saints, and which it now appears were simply bones of sheep or hares, or it might be human bones taken from the catacombs, bones of pagans far more likely than those of saints and martyrs whose names were attached to them. These spurious relics being authenticated by the official priests of the Lipsanoteca, who affixed the signature of the Vicar-General by means of a stamp, and sealed them with his seal, which was in their possession, were then sold to great numbers of convents all over Europe: one Benoit, said to be a Jesuit priest, being the great agent for this part of the business, whilst many noble English converts, both ladies and gentlemen, as well as devout Spaniards and Belgians, paid large sums for them to the Campodonicos, who traded in all such trumpery, the father of these men having already, it is said, made a considerable fortune.

Although these facts have been made public, with much other curious matter connected with the subject, derived from records placed in the archives of the Vatican, and which have come in some mysterious manner into the hands of the Liberal party since the eventful 20th of last September, yet so resolutely does the Papal Court still maintain the value of relics, that the Vicar-General has lately issued an order to the Catholic world for three days' worship of them.

But let me now come to the subject of still more universal interest.

Through the whole of the winter, ever since we had been in Rome in fact, we had heard the 16th of June spoken of. “The Family,” as it is sometimes called, that is, the circle immediately surrounding the Pope, looked forward to it with hope. It was then distant enough to leave time for speculation and the development of events; and who within the true pale of the Church was bold enough to say that the age of miracles was past? Hope was entertained by many, if not by all, that the Madonna would exert her power and reinstate things as they were twelve months ago. St. Joseph, be it said without irreverence, was near enough to the source of power to do mighty works, and he had been propitiated. Surely—surely he and all the other saints would not abandon the Church in the time of her sorest need? So hope lived, and many a truly pious heart, both of man and woman, turned, night and day, with an unappeasable yearning cry to those whom they believed, with a firm, unhesitating, educational faith, which may well put to shame our colder, more measured, though truer faith, would hear them; and hearing, would answer. The Protestant is often cold in comparison with the sincere Roman Catholic. When the latter is in serious earnest, his faith is a very real

thing. He is at this time, therefore, anxious and unhappy. He sees the strongholds of his religious life invaded, and one hope after another failing him. To him the evil days are come, and according to his reading of prophecy, the irreverent Italian King has brought the abomination of desolation into the holy place; and in spirit, if not in truth, he sits in sackcloth and ashes. This I believe to be the true state of feeling of many of the Papal party in Rome.

Various were the rumours as to how the great Jubilee of the Pope would be kept. No one ignorant of the secrets of the Vatican could even surmise; much, of course, would depend upon the development of events. Throughout the whole of the spring the report of the Pope's illness, even of his death, spread from time to time through Rome, whilst he, it was said, made himself merry over the evident desire which existed, in the minds of one party at least, to bring his days to an end.

Now it was June, and the Catholic world had not been negligent all this time. Deputations were formed and offerings prepared, and Rome would see, it was said, how the whole world still honoured the Holy Father. In the meantime, that which went on in the Vatican itself, if we are to believe those who profess to know, was much in the same style as amongst the members of an affectionate German family when Christmas approaches, and they are obliged to resort to all sorts of little schemes to complete, unseen by those for whom they are intended, the little presents which the Christ-child is to bring. Thus it was said that people were busily working in various rooms of the Loggia of Raphael and of the Vatican Library at the different objects to be presented to the Holy Father on the day of his Jubilee, or for his own personal use, because he was to have everything new on that day, as on the day of his election. If, therefore, he came by chance into any of these rooms, an amazing flutter and disturbance took place amongst the workpeople. Silver and gold brocades, gorgeous silks and velvets, ostrich feathers, of which nearly two hundred were required, together with many other costly things, had to be thrust aside and hurried out of observation, and people set themselves industriously to the polishing of furniture and cleaning the floors, until the august presence had retired. The Swiss Guard had its present duly prepared, which could be easily kept out of sight—a gold-headed walking-stick set with brilliants.

As the day approached, and the railroads speeded along deputations and devotees from all Catholic quarters, Rome expected to be very full. Here, we who are speeding on in another direction, saw in the waiting-room of a station, about two days' journey from Rome, an immense pile of somewhat singular-looking luggage: three hundred small black portmanteaus, and the same number of railway-rugs, cloaks, and other wraps, all to a certain degree alike, and all carefully strapped separately. This was the luggage of three hundred Catholic gentlemen from Belgium, on their way to pay their homage to the Pope. They were there taking a few hours' rest, and at midnight would pursue their journey. In the strangers' books, too, at hotels, zealous pilgrims, proud of their errand—as, for instance, the Earl of Gainsborough and his daughters, at Brixen—entered their names, with the announcement that they were on their way to be present at the Jubilee of the Holy Father. Thus, as it were, waving the banner of

their great allegiance as they proceeded on their journey.

The important day dawned. But neither the Madonna nor any of the saints had wrought a miracle. The Pope was still old, and the Italians had still possession of Italy. The offerings made to him were displayed on large tables in the Vatican, arranged for the purpose. He sat in new robes, and all around him was new. Deputations had already arrived from every Catholic land, but not as when they crowded in for the Ecumenical Council. The number, even if it amounted to three thousand, which is the highest number the Catholic papers themselves have given, was but small; and attended by a political fact, which must have been very galling in the Vatican—the general agreement of all the foreign Powers that their ambassadors should accompany the Italian Court on its removal to Rome. This coming at the moment, as it were, of the great Jubilee must have been a blow indeed.

Rome herself was apparently unmoved. She sent no deputation and took no part in the Jubilee; she did not even close her shops as on a *fête* day; nor was there any illumination at night. One Papal flag showed itself, but it was set fire to by a reed and taper. The King, however, sent a general with his felicitations, but the Pope declined to receive him, on the plea that he was weary. No one unconscious of the event, in the celebration of which the Roman Catholic world almost expected heaven and earth to unite, would on passing through Rome that day have supposed that anything unusual had occurred. Nothing outside the Vatican spoke either of rejoicing or august ceremony; a few foreign priests and ladies in veils might be seen walking through the streets, gazing round them with the inquisitive eyes of strangers, but that was all. One thing, however, must have been very evident to them, that the Pope had no longer any hold on the public sympathy or heart, and that the Romans were an orderly and well-conducted people.

Thus the all-important day came and went, and nothing miraculous happened. The Pope, however, is said to have expressed to some one member of a deputation his conviction that there was no longer any hope of the restoration of the temporal power, excepting through the hand of God, and this conviction must have forced itself on every one. Thus, on the Sunday, whilst the Pontifical mass was celebrated in St. Peter's by the Latin Patriarch of Constantinople, with good music, and the stone commemorative of the Jubilee placed over the baldachin of St. Peter, with a medallion of the Pope, was uncovered with much ceremony, the city itself had assumed from early morning her own gala dress. The Italian flag waved from every window, giving to the Papal visitors the clearest demonstration of the Roman feeling. The flags waving in the sunshine, the contented citizens, walking abroad amongst the clerical strangers and the devoted ladies in their solemn veils, expressed a deeper sentiment and more resolute will than the talk of the noisiest demagogue.

It was on this day that the incident occurred which has gone through all the newspapers, when the Hon. Mr. Noel, one of the demonstrative Gainsborough family, violently hurled down the Italian flag which he found waving outside one of the windows of the room occupied by his party at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and throwing it into a corner, shouted into the street below, "Viva il Papa Re!"

This, of course, caused a great disturbance, and obliged the Earl and his family to remove to a Papalini hotel, where it might have been wiser for them to have gone from the first.

The following day, and for many days afterwards, deputations were received by the Pope, bringing with them their offerings. Five hundred Germans, with a hundred ladies, came with their felicitations, but very little money, all attired in black, some of the men wearing medals of Castel Fedardo and Mentana. Three hundred young artists, many of them of Rome, came, each one presenting a work of his own, accompanied by a long address. In return, the Pope, evidently well pleased, accepted their gifts, and expressed a hope that as in these evil times bad schools were multiplying, good schools might multiply also. Then he blessed the artists, blessed their minds that they might be inspired from the true source of beauty, and their hands that they might willingly lend themselves to their work, finally their persons, their families, their friends. Pio Nono is frequently very happy in his form of benediction. Many a Protestant who has been presented to him, especially ladies, have come back half Papalini from this very cause. His voice is tender and finely modulated, and his manner apostolic and fatherly. He knows its fascination, and has evidently a pleasure in exercising the spell.

A number of lawyers, too, came with their offering, a large missal, magnificently bound in velvet and silver. But the presentations were endless, and in return he made his gifts, cameos and medals, and mosaics—one mosaic alone, of the Roman Forum, being worth, it is said, twenty thousand lire.

Such was the celebration of the great Jubilee in Rome. Let me describe it also as we ourselves witnessed it in the Austrian Tyrol, amongst the most Catholic peasant population, simple-hearted people, who serve God in their way, and love the Pope as his representative on earth, and who regarded us with a degree of respect which I am afraid we hardly deserve, because we had come thither direct from Rome, which, to their simple minds, is an outer court of the kingdom of heaven.

Sunday was kept throughout this district as the Pope's Jubilee. On the Saturday afternoon, the eve of the festival, the ringing of church bells and the firing of cannon began. Little stakes were fixed on the hill-sides in the form of gigantic letters, diagrams, or even words, to become illuminated. Anton, the handsome son of the great farmhouse in which we had taken up our quarters, with three or four men, was busy all the afternoon at this work, on the high, stony hillside, beyond the house. On Sunday morning we awoke at four o'clock through the firing of cannon; not only from the soldiers on the Castle-hill, at Brunecken, but on the hill behind our house, whence the stone is obtained for the new railway which is in active progress, striding along this broad valley, and the contractors for which allowed the men an unlimited amount of gunpowder for the glorification of the Pope on this his Jubilee. The church-bells began to ring, and we had six churches round us, and the cannon fired. The five-and-twenty years of the Pontificate, and the eighty years of the Pontifical age had to be counted out, and the mountains round reverberated them. Sleep was impossible. For the moment the noise had ceased, and you began to think how blessed was silence, it began again. So it went on through the day, and

in the afternoon there was a procession in Brunecken, the last part of which was the fifty young girls, boarders at the Ursuline Convent, walking in white garments, and bearing sacred symbols in their hands. The nuns of this large convent had worked very hard at its decoration, every one of its many windows being filled with a transparency of their own painting, in which every possible device had place in honour of the Popedom in general, and this Pope in particular, with his especial dogmas. It was wonderful how ingenious they had been, and how heaven and earth had been searched for hieroglyphics to express their religious ideas.

In the evening everybody was out to see the illuminations. From one point to another on the hills, and on the hill-tops to the very snow-level, where the snow lay white and cold, to the edge of the dark pine woods, fire after fire came out till the great extent of mountains which enclose this broad valley resembled the distance of a vast, illimitable city, with its gas-lighted streets and buildings. Here and there, also, came out on the open spaces of the lower wooded hills immense crosses, initials, or even the full name of the Pope, with his triple crown, traced out in fire. Our Anton's work on the stony hill-side above the house was of this kind, and very beautiful it was. And all this time the bells rang, and the cannon thundered, and the hills sent back the reverberation.

Scarcely, however, had this display of allegiance, almost idolatry, begun, before black clouds marshalled themselves above the snowy mountains like defiant armies, and lightning flashed forth as if in mockery of the earthly fires below, and thunder pealed as if in derision of the jubilant firing. "It is only a summer lightning, which foretells heat," said the peasant people, whilst we remembered the stormy weather which had signalled every festival of the Pope which we had witnessed in Rome. "*Es macht nichts!*" said they, cheerfully. "It is of no consequence!" and fresh fires showed themselves on the hills, and fresh crosses and crowns, and glorified P.'s stood forth in fire, and the cannon resounded from the two hill-sides in rivalry. The lightning grew fiercer and the thunder louder, and then down came the rain in a perfect deluge, drove home the people, and extinguished every fire. In half an hour the hills all round were wrapped in darkness, and lightning and thunder and rain prevailed.

All that night and for the next four-and-twenty hours it rained, and Jacobi, the second son, who with the *senner* or dairyman was to have gone up on the Wednesday with the cows and the other cattle to the Alpine pastures, for summer, was detained yet a week; the river had inundated the valleys through which they would have to pass. Some houses were washed down, and even it was said some lives lost.

MOHAMMED ALI AND THE APPLE.

MOHAMMED ALI once summoned a council of his officers and advisers to deliberate on the matter of an important expedition. When they came together, he pointed to an apple which lay on the floor of the divan. It had been placed exactly on the centre of the large carpet spread in the hall before them. "Now," said he, "whoever of you can, without placing his foot on the carpet where it lies, reach and give me that apple, he shall command

the expedition against Nigid." One after another tried in vain, sprawling at full length upon the carpet with their heels just beyond its edge, and stretching out their arms as far as possible. The distance, however, was too great, and the apple remained ungrasped. At last the adopted brother of Mohammed Ali, the short, stout Ibrahim, who, from his shortness and stoutness had less chance than any one else, arose, bowed to the Pasha, and offered to execute the difficult performance. All laughed, fully expecting that he would make a ridiculous failure. This laughter soon however changed into admiration when they saw Ibrahim quietly fold up the carpet until the apple was fairly within his grasp. It was the very thing which was so easy to be done, if they had only thought of it. It was like Columbus making the egg to stand by breaking off one end; or Alexander solving the Gordian knot by the simple process of cutting it through.

Such a device might not be the best way of choosing a general for a difficult undertaking, but it was congenial to the Oriental mind, and was a test of that unexpected sort which sometimes best brings out the tact or readiness of men. It was characteristic of Mohammed Ali, and the penetrating qualities by which he achieved so much. The same spirit and inventiveness of resource are found in other anecdotes told of him. There is that memorable instance almost at the commencement of his career, when, after the evacuation of Egypt by the French, the Mameluke Beys demanded their arrears of pay and change of officers. Mohammed was the spokesman of their grievances. The Turkish general sent him one day a message, requiring his attendance at an audience to be held at midnight. Mohammed Ali well understood the deadly nature of the invitation. He was attending evening parade when the message came. He smiled and kissed the general's note, and said that he would be sure to come. He then turned to the soldiers: "I am sent for by the Pasha, and you know what destiny awaits the advocate of your wrongs in a midnight audience. I *will* go; but shall I go alone?" Four thousand sabres were at once flashed forth, and it now became the Turkish general's turn to decline the interview. "Now, then," Mohammed exclaimed, "Cairo is for sale, and the strongest sword will buy it." This was practical wit—the wit of ready action.

The astuteness which Ibrahim showed on his side in the little incident related, is also in keeping with his character. He had the wit of ready speech. For example, the Moslems of a city which he had conquered once complained very grievously to him that the Christians were allowed to ride horses. They complained that they no longer had the privilege of distinguishing themselves from the Christians. Ibrahim answered, "Let the Moslems still be exalted above the Christians if they wish it; let them ride dromedaries in the streets; depend upon it the Christians will not follow their example."

The quick common sense which these trivial incidents show was illustrated in an enduring manner in the achievements of that time. History at large will always recount the brilliant deeds of Mohammed Ali; how he rose above all other rivals; how he became the Viceroy of Egypt; how he made victorious wars against the rebel Wahhabees, and won from them the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; how he became at war with the Porte itself, and was twice on the point of taking Constantinople, when he was

prevented in the first instance by the advance of the Russians, and in the second by the mediation of the great Powers; and how, when the hereditary Pashalic of Egypt was ceded to him, he was found not less great in peace than in war. Napoleon said that Alexander's greatest achievement was the founding of Alexandria. Mohammed may be said to have founded Alexandria once more. From being a mere nest of pirates he made it the path to India, and the greatest seaport of the Levant. He adopted the military tactics of Europe; he constructed a great navy; he made barracks, hospitals, schools, factories; he sent Egyptians to study in Europe, and invited Europeans to Egypt. But the sagacity that was the minister of his ambition was not an unfailing teacher, and there is a dreadful *per contra* to be stated against him, including the massacre of the Mamelukes, and the impoverishment of the people for his own purposes.

This story of the apple suggests some consideration of the contrast—the perpetual struggle there is always going on between skill and force. Ibrahim was a little man and stout; his arms and legs could not do what the arms and legs of longer people failed to do; but his skill of brain more than made up for all deficiencies. It is a parable of the triumph of mind over matter. In the greatest of all books there is mention of a poor man who by his skill defeated the great operations of a great king. "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city." There are many secular parallels to this. So Syracuse was defended by Archimedes, and Antwerp by Giambelli. Very often the words are true: "Yet no man remembered that same poor man."

All skill, properly speaking, consists in the application of force, the manner and results of force, and economy in its exercise. By skilful method enormous forces may be exercised with a very slight exertion. I remember reading once how the gloved hand of a young lady opened the valves of an enormous dock; the skill there was not in the hand, but in the brain that had brought mechanical powers under its control, or, as in the case of the apple, within its reach. Skill, in other words, mind, is more than a counterbalance to the largest results of mere brute force. Mohammed Ali was choosing a captain, and knew well the value of ready tact in war. Napoleon used to speak of victory always attending *les gros bataillons*, but he repeatedly showed how much skill could atone for disparity of force.

Some of the most decisive battles of the world which for ages have determined the course of history are examples of the superiority of skill over force. It was so at Salamis, when Asia precipitated itself upon Europe, and the small Athenian State was opposed to the myriad hordes of the great king. Themistocles saw the Athenians could not resist by land but must fight at sea, and could only be victorious at sea under certain conditions. With the greatest skill and foresight he determined the conditions in his own favour. He fought in the narrow waters between Salamis and the mainland, where the enormous preponderating force of the Persians could not be brought into play. He took every advantage of each local point, and of the wind, which he knew blew regularly at certain hours. Tactics not dissimilar prevailed on the part of the English at the invasion of the Spanish

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Armada. The vast galleons of the Spanish, with their overwhelming bulk, lay over many a mile of sea. But the dash, bravery, seamanship and skill of Drake and his companions proved a terrible overmatch for the mere bulk and inert strength of the

In the triumphs which man is constantly achieving over the material world we have the most abundant instances of the wonderful economics of skill. Properly speaking, there are no triumphs over nature. Man conquers nature by no other method than by



BRAIN BEATS MUSCLE.

Spaniards. They assailed, like English mastiffs it has been said, the great Spanish force, and after inflicting enormous damage, would retire before any damage could be inflicted in reprisals. They flew in and out of the enormous fleet which could have crushed them, if the skill only equalled the desire, and the skilful English mariners of course took every advantage of tide, wind, and shore. Finally, by the expedient of sending some fireships down upon the Spanish line, which recalled the awful fireships of the siege of Antwerp some years before, they converted defence into victory. This is one of the most striking examples of skilful seamanship. It would be idle to quote such incidents of history as merely evidencing what is already self-evident, the superlative value of mind; but they may serve to remind us that our strength as a nation does not consist in the material forces at our disposal, in the masses of our soldiery, or the formidable ships we have afloat, but in the capacity of the people, their skill and commanding intelligence.

watching, imitating, guiding her processes. He is skilful just in proportion as he appreciates and learns by that supreme skill which is evidenced in the construction of the world in which he lives. Sir Charles Bell once said when he was going to a meeting of the British Association: "Ah, I should like to show those men how God makes ropes and arches, and other things." Man, naturally the most helpless of all animals, has dominion over all by the intelligence with which God has gifted him. He has "sought out" many inventions. Sophocles, the great Greek dramatist, says that many things are wondrous, but man is more wondrous than any. The face of the earth has been greatly varied since his time, the significance of the saying heightened, by the skill which man has brought to the application of force. Human skill has infinitely exceeded the wildest imaginations of romance. The enchanted horse that flew over the mountains is not more wondrous than the railway trains which pierce through them. The unfortunate American author, Edgar Allan Poe, has

written an imaginary "Thousand and Second Night." The Sultanness, having exhausted all her budget of fiction, at last tells a story which in effect recapitulates all the modern marvels of skill. She tells of cities all ablaze with the instantaneous light of gas; of ships moving without sails and without wind; of prodigious journeys made with startling celerity without horses; of messages sent thousands of miles in the course of a few minutes, and so on. The much-enduring Sultan refuses to hear this sort of thing any longer. He has heard many lies, but no lies so atrocious and improbable as these. He accordingly next morning declines to listen to any more fairy tales, and delivers the Sultanness to her father, the Grand Vizier, with the strictest injunctions to cut her head off, which brings to a less pleasing conclusion than is generally supposed the long series of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment."

Surely we may add that there is one other region in which the highest triumphs of skill over force are obtained. This is in the region of the moral life. For instance, the holy skill of that soft answer which turneth away wrath is typical of the plastic and persuasive skill that may rule the spirit of many. As Milton said, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and we are taught that "he is greater who ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." In the long run, gentleness is stronger than violence; long suffering succeeds better than resistance; and spiritual agencies are the mightiest agencies of all. And amid the excitements of life, the vain straining and pushing, the mere muscular weariness which follows from the effort to attain, how much wiser sometimes the tact or the patient skill which ceases to struggle, and whispers, "Roll up the carpet."

ESCAPE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.*

ON Sunday, the 4th of September, the Empress had her last official interview with Count Palikao, who told her that he and his colleagues, and the whole Assembly, had been driven out by the mob, and that the Extreme Left and the mob had gone to the Hôtel de Ville, to proclaim a Republic, and themselves its Ministers, with General Trochu for President and Commander-in-Chief. The Count declared his willingness to see what could be done, if a reasonable number of troops could be found who might be depended upon to make a stand for her. The Empress replied promptly and firmly, that not one drop of blood should be shed for her or for her family. She resolved to depart at once, if it were still possible.

By this time it was about 3.30 in the afternoon, and the crowd which had gathered round the palace already filled the palace grounds. The old Tuileries resembled a gigantic ship in a heavy sea. The roar of the human billows echoed through the deserted halls and apartments. Voices could be heard on the main staircase, and the clatter of muskets on the stones below. The flag on the cupola had been hauled down; perhaps in the hope of diverting the attention of the mob, by suggesting that the Empress had already got away. But it had no such effect; the voices and tramp of footsteps came nearer and nearer—there was not a moment to lose. Accom-

panied by Madame le Breton, sister to General Bourbaki, Prince Metternich, M. Nigra, and a few members of her household, the Empress began her attempt to escape.

To reach the street through the courtyard, which was divided by an iron fence from the Place du Carrousel, was impossible, for the Place was full of people. They were obliged to return, and to hurry along the whole length of the gallery of the Louvre. The party by this time had dwindled down to the Empress, Madame le Breton, and the two foreign ministers; the others had dispersed to seek safety in their own way.

The Empress and her friends reached the door opening into the Place St. Germain Auxerrois, opposite the church of that name. Outside the gate there is a short passage with a tall iron railing on each side, leading to the street. But that street was full of people crying "*Déchéance!*" and "*Vive la République!*" The little party paused and hesitated, before they ventured to open the door; but there was nothing to be done, except to go forward.

The crowd could be heard behind them; to return, would have been to fall into their hands. The venture must be made. The gentlemen opened the door cautiously, looked out into the street, with dismay, and the two ladies stepped forwards. They were not studiously disguised; indeed, they were too thinly veiled, for one of the inevitable *gamins*, catching sight of the ladies, cried out, either in jest or mischief, "The Empress!"

Fortunately, no one heeded the cry, and still more fortunately, a close fiacre was drawn up by the kerbstone of the pavement. The Empress and Madame le Breton entered it, and giving a fictitious address to the driver, rode away in safety.

It was a most critical moment, and one shudders to think of what would have been the fate of these two women if they had fallen into the hands of that excited mob. The recollection of a narrow escape gives one a pang of terror sharper than any felt during the danger itself.

The perils of the Empress were not yet over; as they drove down the Boulevard Haussman the Empress asked her friend if she had any money, as she herself had not her purse. Madame le Breton brought out hers, and found that it contained three francs only, and then the terror seized them, that they would not have enough to pay the driver. They decided to alight at once, to avoid all danger of a dispute, and they pursued their way on foot to the house of Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the celebrated American dentist.

They had to wait like all other visitors until he could see them. Some time elapsed before they were called, and then, being ushered into the presence of the doctor, Madame le Breton closed the door and turned the key, and, warning the doctor to make no exclamation that might be heard, she introduced the Empress, and told him they had come to seek protection under his roof, until they could leave Paris.

Dr. Evans was more astonished than might have been expected, for, engrossed in his patients, he was ignorant of the sudden and complete change of affairs. At first he could not believe that there were any grounds of alarm for the personal safety of Her Majesty. He asked the ladies to remain, and putting on his hat, he went into the streets for a short time.

On his return, he was quite convinced that the

* We are indebted for this narrative to the graphic volume of Mr. Nathan Sheppard, "Shut up in Paris," recently published by Bentley.

Empress had not left the palace a moment too soon. He behaved like a most loyal and gallant gentleman; counting the risk to himself as nothing. He desired them to remain his guests until such time as he could compass means to get them out of Paris.

Fortunately, two ladies (strangers to his servants) were expected to arrive in the course of a few days. The Empress and Madame le Breton were to personate these ladies—arrived unexpectedly. Mrs. Evans was in the country, and the Empress, as an invalid, kept her room.

As soon as it was practicable, the doctor went out in his carriage, ostensibly to pay professional visits, as usual—in reality to prepare the way for passing the barriers.

He drove to the Pont de Neuilly, where he was stopped and questioned; he declared he was going to see a patient, and ought neither to be stopped nor questioned. He announced his name and profession. One of the guards recognised him, and said he ought to be allowed to pass without question or passport. The doctor begged them to look at him well, that they might recognise him, as he would probably have occasion to pass and re-pass the barrier frequently. He drove on, and returned after a while, without hindrance.

The Empress and Madame le Breton remained at the doctor's house. The doctor put his wife's wardrobe at their disposal, as they had escaped without any provision of necessities.

When Dr. Evans considered that the barrier might be passed by him with tolerable safety, he informed his guests of his plan. The Empress was to be a highly nervous patient, whom he was taking to a *maison de santé*; Madame le Breton was the friend who had charge of her. On reaching the barrier the carriage was stopped, to account for the doctor's companions. He pointed to the Empress, and made a sign that she was a person of unsound mind who must not be excited or alarmed. The guards, who recognised Dr. Evans, courteously drew back, and made amicable signs of wishing him a safe journey.

This first danger passed, the carriage proceeded to St. Germain and Maunt. There the doctor drove to an hotel, and having told the proprietor that one of the ladies in the carriage was a patient whom he was taking to a *maison de santé*, requested him to find a room that could not be overlooked, and furnished with shutters to the window and locks to the door—a request which was very willingly obeyed—and here the Empress and her companion gladly took refuge while the doctor and the friend who accompanied him went out to make arrangements for continuing the journey. He sent his own carriage and horses back to Paris.

After their departure he engaged another carriage and pair, with a careful driver, to be ready to start in an hour for a certain château, belonging, as the doctor said, to a relative of the afflicted lady.

While the fresh carriage was being prepared he returned to his charges and made them take some refreshment. The Empress was told of the destination of the carriage, and she was desired to show a great objection, and to become so angry and restive that the route would have to be changed for another, which the doctor would give at the proper time. After they had left the hotel and proceeded some distance on their road, the Empress began a lively quarrel

with the doctor, and the altercation between the "insane lady" and her friends became so violent that the doctor desired the carriage to stop, and tried to persuade the lady to alight and walk a little, which she refused to do, and objected vehemently to going in the direction of the château, whither she seemed to know they were taking her. The driver remonstrated, and said his horses would take fright if such a clamour were continued, upon which the doctor, apparently driven to despair, ordered the horses' heads to be turned and driven to the town on the next stage, where the carriage was sent back.

The same precautions were used at the hotel as before. Another carriage and driver were procured, and the party proceeded on their journey towards their real destination, which was Déauville, where Mrs. Evans was then staying for the benefit of the sea air.

At each stage a fresh driver and carriage were hired and the other sent back. The party had one or two very "narrow escapes," but the Empress was more fortunate than Marie Antoinette and the royal family in their attempt to escape. She was never recognised, and at the end of two days, fatigued and harassed, and with dangers and difficulties still before them, but so far safe, the little party arrived at Déauville, and drove to the apartments of Mrs. Evans. Here the ladies remained, and found such repose as they were capable of taking; while the doctor, accompanied by his friend, went to see what means existed to enable them to leave the port and cross the Channel.

There were two yachts at anchor in the harbour. They first went on board the larger of the two, but the owner was absent. They then went to the "*Gazelle*;" it belonged to Sir John Burgoyne, Bart. On telling him their story and begging him to give a passage to the Empress and her friend, he at first absolutely refused to be mixed up in the matter, having possibly some fear that it might somehow become a source of national complication; but the perilous situation of the fugitives was urged, and it was insisted that all risks should be run to perform an act of common humanity. Sir John at length consented, only stipulating that the Empress and her friends should not come on board until the last possible moment before the vessel was ready to sail, in order to avoid the danger of the yacht being detained if attention were attracted to her passengers.

It was a prudent arrangement, for vague suspicions were afloat in the town, and the "*Gazelle*" received visitors who were not "welcome guests;" but as no one was on board save the rightful owner and his crew, the baffled searchers went their way; the Empress and Madame le Breton, accompanied by Dr. Evans, got safely on board, and the "*Gazelle*" set sail.

The perils by land were over, but the perils by sea had yet to be encountered. A fearful tempest arose, the most terrible and destructive that had for a long time been known in the Channel.

It was in that same storm that the fine new ship the "*Captain*" went down with her commander and all her men: a catastrophe which moved the heart of England more than the loss of a battle. The commander who then perished was the son of the venerable Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne.

The little "*Gazelle*" behaved gallantly, but the peril was fearful. The ladies were lashed in their berths and there remained during the whole passage. At

midnight all hope of saving either the vessel or the crew was given up. But the storm that destroyed the "Captain" spared the "Gazelle," a little craft not more than thirty-five feet in length.

Seldom have those in perils of "the great deep" had a more wonderful or unhopd-for deliverance. The "Gazelle" rode out the storm, and reached the harbour of Ryde about three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, the 8th of September.

That afternoon the party went to Brighton, and there Dr. Evans learned that the Prince Imperial was at Hastings, and thither the Empress insisted on going that same evening. For many days the mother and the son had been ignorant of what had become of each other. Not one human heart in the whole world but must sympathise in that meeting of the mother and child, after events in which all their grandeur and pomp, and the very empire of France itself, had been broken to pieces and vanished away.

As soon as possible Dr. Evans endeavoured to find a suitable residence for the Empress and her son. Finally Camden House, at Chiselhurst, was agreed upon; the owner, on learning for whom it was desired, offered very generous terms, and at Camden House the Empress and the Prince Imperial found a haven of rest, and the hazardous task which Dr. Evans had undertaken was successfully completed.

GHOSTS AND GHOST LORE.

IX.

THE majority of ghosts, the records of which abound in all popular narratives, are testified to have appeared, unsummoned, of their own accord. There are instances, however, in all ages, of spirits reputed to have appeared on incantation. The following narrative is given by the late N. W. Wraxall, Esq., in his book, entitled "Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw, and Vienna," published in 1799; vol. i. p. 281.

RAISING OF THE GHOST OF THE CHEVALIER DE SAXE.

The Chevalier de Saxe, third in order of birth among the natural sons of Augustus, the second King of Poland, was only half-brother to the famous Marshal Saxe, as they were by different mothers. In right of his wife, who was a Princess Lubomirska, of a very illustrious Polish family, the chevalier inherited considerable property in that country as well as in Saxony. He resided principally in Dresden, and died only a few years ago, at his palace, in this city, which his nephew, Prince Charles, who was his principal heir, occupied after his decease. In addition to his maternal estates, the chevalier possessed a vast income from his military and other appointments in the electoral service, and as he left no issue he was supposed to have amassed great sums.

Reports had been circulated that money was concealed in the palace, but no one pretended to ascertain the exact place where it was deposited. If his spirit could be compelled to appear, that interesting secret might be extorted from him. Thus, curiosity, combining with avarice, or at least with the hope of discovering a considerable treasure, prompted Prince Charles to name his uncle as the object of the experiment.

On the appointed night, for Schrepfer (the operator) naturally preferred darkness, as not only more private in itself, but better adapted for the effect of incantations, the company assembled. They were nineteen in number, of whom I personally know several who are persons of consideration, character, and respectability. When they were met in the great gallery of the palace, the first object of all present was to secure the windows and doors, in order equally to prevent intrusion or deception. As far as precaution could effect it they did so, and were satisfied that nothing except violence could procure access or entrance. Schrepfer then acquainted them that the act which he was about to perform would demand all their firmness, and advised them to fortify their nerves by partaking of a bowl of punch which was placed upon the table. Several of them—indeed, as I believe, all except one or two—thinking the exhortation judicious, very readily followed it; but the gentleman from whom I received these particulars declined the advice.

"I am come here," said he to Schrepfer, "to be present at raising an apparition. Either I will see all or nothing. My resolution is taken, and no inducement can make me put anything within my lips which might disturb my calm observation." Another of the company who preserved his presence of mind, placed himself close to the principal door in order to watch if any one attempted to open it. These preparatory steps being taken, the work began with the utmost solemnity.

Schrepfer commenced it by retiring into a corner of the gallery, where, kneeling down with many mysterious ceremonies, he invoked the spirits to appear, or rather to come to his aid, for he allowed that none were ever visible. A very considerable time elapsed before they obeyed, during which interval he laboured apparently under great agitation of body and mind, being covered with a violent sweat, and almost in convulsions, like the Pythoness of antiquity. At length a loud clatter was heard at all the windows on the outside, which was soon followed by another noise, resembling more the effect produced by a number of wet fingers drawn over the edge of glasses than anything else to which it could be well compared. This sound announced, as he said, the arrival of his good or protecting spirits, and seemed to encourage him to proceed. A short time afterwards a yelling was heard, of a frightful and unusual nature, which came, he declared, from the malignant spirits, whose presence, as it seems, was necessary and indispensable to the completion of the catastrophe.

The company were now, at least the greater part, electrified with amazement or petrified with horror, and of course fully prepared for every object which could be presented to them. Schrepfer continuing his invocations, the door suddenly opened with violence, and something that resembled a black ball or globe rolled into the room. It was invested with smoke or cloud, in the midst of which appeared to be a human face, like the countenance of the Chevalier de Saxe; much in the same way it would seem that Corregio or Hannibal Carrache have represented Jupiter appearing to Seméle. From this form issued a loud and angry voice, which exclaimed, in German, "Carl, was wolte du mit mich?" Charles, what wouldst thou do with me? Why dost thou disturb me?

Language, as may be supposed, can ill describe

the consternation produced among the spectators at such a sight. Either firmly persuaded that the appearance which they beheld was spiritual and intangible, or deprived of resolution to approach and attempt to seize it, they appear to have made no effort to satisfy themselves of its incorporeal nature. The prince, whose impious curiosity had summoned his uncle's ghost, and to whom, as the person principally responsible, the spirit addressed itself, far from manifesting coolness or attempting to reply, betrayed the strongest marks of horror and contrition. Throwing himself on his knees, he called on God for mercy, while others of the terrified party earnestly besought the magician to give the only remaining proof of his art for which they now were anxious by dismissing the apparition. But Schrepfer, though apparently willing, found, or pretended to find, this effort beyond his power. However incredible, absurd, or ridiculous it may be thought, the persons who witnessed the scene protest that near an hour elapsed before, by the force of his invocations, the spectre could be compelled to disappear. Nay, when at length Schrepfer had succeeded in dismissing it, at the moment when the company began to resume a degree of serenity, the door which had been closed burst open again, and the same hideous form presented itself anew to their eyes. The most resolute and collected among them were not proof to its second appearance, and a scene of universal dismay ensued. Schrepfer, however, by reiterated exorcisms or exertions, finally dismissed the apparition. The terrified spectators soon dispersed, overcome with amazement, and fully satisfied, as they well might be, of Schrepfer's magical powers.

Such is the account given in "Wraxall's Memoirs." Not much is to be gathered from the story by sensible folk, except that Schrepfer was a clever and sly rogue, that the majority of the courtiers who "assisted" at the incantation were as foolish as the usual attendants at spiritualist *séances*; and that the prince, the nephew of the rich uncle, had probably some burden on his conscience, as well as curiosity in his spirit, if we may judge by his behaviour during Herr Schrepfer's operations. Take away the "punch," and the darkened room, the silly curiosity and the superstitious terror, there is nothing in the story suggestive of anything beyond the most ordinary skill of the "professors" of magical art.

It would be easy to multiply cases of raising spirits, and exhibiting people in corporeal as well as spiritual form, by incantation. It was a trick of magic in use in ancient times, and every one remembers the scene that took place at Endor when Saul had recourse to a professor of the art, with a result which struck alike terror to the King and to the wretched woman whose impotent art was made the occasion of a revelation by higher and truly Supernatural Power.

Leaving this for the present, we give two examples of the various kinds of mingled superstition and craft implied in the art of necromancy. The first is given from Mr. Roscoe's "Life of Benvenuto Cellini."

BENVENUTO CELLINI'S GHOST.

It happened (said Benvenuto Cellini) through a variety of odd accidents, that I made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest, who was a man of genius and well versed in the Latin and Greek authors. Happening one day to have some conversation with him

when the subject turned upon the art of necromancy, I, who had a great desire to know something of the matter, told him that I had all my life felt a curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of his art. The priest made answer that the man must be of a resolute and steady temper who entered upon that study. I replied that I had fortitude and resolution enough if I could but find an opportunity. The priest subjoined, "If you think you have the heart to venture, I will give you all the satisfaction you can desire." Thus we agreed to enter upon a plan of necromancy. The priest one evening prepared to satisfy me, and desired me to look out for a companion or two. I invited one Vincenzo Romoli, who was my intimate acquaintance. He brought with him a native of Pistoia, who cultivated the black art himself. We repaired to the Colosseo, and the priest, according to the custom of necromancers, began to draw circles upon the ground with the most impressive ceremonies imaginable. He likewise brought hither assafostida, several precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions also, which diffused noisome odours. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening in the circle, and having taken us by the hand, ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at the proper time, intrusting the care of the fire and the perfumes to the rest; and then he began his incantations. This ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, inasmuch as the amphitheatre was quite filled with them. I was busy about the perfumes, when the priest, perceiving that there was a considerable number of infernal spirits, turned to me, and said, "Benvenuto, ask them something." I answered, "Let them bring me into the company of my Sicilian mistress, Angelica." That night we obtained no answer of any sort; but I had received great satisfaction in having my curiosity so far indulged. The necromancer told me it was requisite we should go a second time, assuring me that I should be satisfied in whatever I asked; but that I must bring with me a pure, immaculate boy.

I took with me a youth who was in my service, of about twelve years of age, together with the same Vincenzo Romoli who had been my companion the first time, and one Agnolino Gaddi, an intimate acquaintance, whom I likewise prevailed on to assist me in the ceremony. When we came to the place appointed, the priest having made his preparations as before, with the same and even more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle, which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner than at our former meeting. Thus, having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzo, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a *pintaculo*, or magical chart, and bid me turn it downwards, at the places he should direct me; and under the *pintaculo* I held my boy. The necromancer having begun to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons, who were the leaders of their several legions, and questioned them by the power of the eternal uncreated One, who lives for ever, in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek; inasmuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled with spirits more numerable than at the former congregation. Vincenzo Romoli was busied in making a fire, with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the direction of the

necromancer, again desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former thereupon, turning to me, said, "Know they have declared that in the space of a month you shall be in her company."

He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed; and, besides, these were the most dangerous; so that, after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying that there was in that place a million of fierce men, who threatened to destroy us; and that, moreover, four armed giants of an enormous stature were endeavouring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured by mild and gentle methods to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vincenzo Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt, so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in.

The boy placed his head between his knees, and said, "In this posture will I die, for we shall all surely perish!" I told him that all these demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow, so I bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up but he cried out, "The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us;" so, covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed that destruction was inevitable, and he desired to see no more. The necromancer intreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes; upon which I returned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said, "Agnolino, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about, and give his assistance; so come directly, and put on some more of these perfumes." Poor Agnolino, upon attempting to move, was so violently terrified that the effects of his fear overpowered all the perfumes we were burning. The boy, hearing a crepitation, ventured once more to raise his head, when seeing me laugh he began to take courage, and said that the spirits were flying away.

In this condition we stayed till the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy again told us that there remained but few spirits, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took a wallet full of books, which he had brought with him. We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak. As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground. The priest declared that though he had often entered magic circles, nothing so extraordinary had ever happened to him. As we went along he would fain

persuade me to assist with him at consecrating a book, from which, he said, we should derive immense riches. We should then ask the demons to discover to us the various treasures with which the earth abounds, which would raise us to opulence and power; but that those love affairs were mere follies, from whence no good could be expected. I answered that I would readily have accepted his proposal if I understood Latin. He redoubled his persuasions, assuring me that the knowledge of the Latin language was by no means material. He added that he could have Latin scholars enough if he had thought it worth while to look out for them; but that he could never have met with a partner of resolution and intrepidity equal to mine, and that I should by all means follow his advice. Whilst we were engaged in this conversation we arrived at our respective houses, and all that night dreamt of nothing but demons.

The priest who figures in this story had acquaintance with more of chemistry and pharmacy than he required for his thurible, or incense-pot. His accomplices of course could see and report sights of any wonderful kind. Those who show curiosity to be acquainted with the mysteries of such art, will not lack mysteries to become acquainted with. Those who penetrate into "magic circles" may expect startling sights, overpowering smells, strange sounds, and even demoniacal dreams.

Still stranger and more terrible results may be expected under the sacrilegious and revolting circumstances of the following narrative:—

HOW CERTAIN ALCHEMISTS RAISED SOME GHOSTS.

Three alchemists had obtained a quantity of earth-mould from St. Innocent's Church, in Paris, supposing that from it might be extracted the philosopher's stone. They subjected it to distillation, when on a sudden they perceived in their receivers forms of men produced, which caused them to desist from their labours. The Paris Institute gaining information of this fact, took up the investigation, and the result of their labours appears in the "Miscellanea Curiosa." In a volume of the "Manchester Philosophical Transactions" is an abstract, by Dr. Ferrier, of one of these French documents, which is as follows:—

"A malefactor was executed, of whose body a grave physician got possession for the purpose of dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverise a part of the cranium, which was a remedy at that time admitted in dispensatories. The powder was left in a paper on the table of the museum where the assistant slept. About midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table without any visible agent, and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head, with large eyes, staring at him. Presently two branches appeared, which formed into arms and hands. Next the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments. Next the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect the puppet (for his size was small) reared himself on his feet; instantly his clothes came upon him, and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution. The affrighted spectator, who stood hitherto mumbling

his prayers with great application, now thought of nothing but making his escape from the revived ruffian; but this was impossible, for the apparition planted himself in his way, and after divers fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door and went out. No doubt the powder was missing next day."

Analogous results are on record indicating that the blood was the chief part of the animal body in which the saline particles resided, the arrangement of which reproduced the original form. Dr. Webster, in his book on Witchcraft, records an experiment, on the authority of Dr. Flud, of which the following is an abstract:—

"A certain chemical operator, named La Pierre, near that place in Paris called Le Temple, received blood from the hands of a certain bishop to operate upon; which he, setting to work upon the Saturday, did continue it for a week with divers degrees of fire. But about midnight the Friday following, this artificer, lying in a chamber next to his laboratory, betwixt sleeping and waking, heard a horrible noise, like unto the lowing of kine or the roaring of a lion, and continuing quiet, after the ceasing of the sound in the laboratory, the moon being at the full, and by shining enlightening the chamber suddenly, betwixt himself and the window he saw a thick little cloud condensed into an oval form, which after, by little and little, did seem completely to put on the shape of a man, and making another and a sharp clamour, did suddenly vanish. And not only some noble persons in the next chambers, but also the host with his wife, lying in a lower room of the house, and also the neighbours dwelling in the opposite side of the street, did distinctly hear the bellowing as well as the voice, and some of them were awakened with the vehemency thereof. But the artificer said that in this he found solace, because the bishop of whom he had it did admonish him that if any of them from whom the blood was extracted should die in the time of its putrefaction, his spirit was wont often to appear to the sight of the artificer with perturbation. Also forthwith, upon Saturday following, he took the retort from the furnace, and broke it with the light stroke of a little key, and there, in the remaining blood, found the perfect representation of a human head, agreeable in face, eyes, nostrils, mouth, and hairs, that were somewhat thin and of a golden colour."

Such is the narrative, and in respect to it Webster adds: "There were many ocular witnesses, as the noble person Lord of Bourdaloue, the chief secretary to the Duke of Guise; and he (Flud) had this relation from the Lord of Menanton, living in that house at the same time, from a certain doctor of physick, from the owner of the house, and many others."

We have given these cases, although presenting some features repulsive as well as ludicrous, as specimens of the idle and foolish tales which form the staple of most of the old treatises on magic and necromancy. The operators—generally sheer rogues, but sometimes also victims of superstition—used their knowledge of rude chemistry and alchemy to work on the credulity of the rich and silly people who took interest in their arts. In the double search after the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life, the most revolting ingredients were turned to use, such as blood and dead men's bones. As among ignorant tribes in our own day, "medicine man"

and "mystery man" were synonymous. Chemical science and the healing art have made progress enough to banish from civilised life such scenes as we have quoted, and to exorcise all the ghosts of the alchemists and magicians.

EDINBURGH OLD TOWN.

A SPECIAL correspondent of the "Daily News" visited certain portions of the old town of Edinburgh on the Saturday night of the week of the meeting of the British Association. The report which he gives is very startling, and may well ruffle the self-complacency of the learned and very respectable people of the "Modern Athens." The philosophers assembled that week were blowing trumpets about all manner of scientific triumphs, carried by telegraph to the ends of the earth. The president was even speculating about distant suns and systems, from some one of which the germs of primeval life might have been propelled to our globe. Within a stone's throw of him was a teeming population, sitting in helpless degradation, and in the shadow of death. Can Science not do a little more for the Welfare as well as for the Wealth of nations?

A few days later, the Centenary Festival of Sir Walter Scott was held. About that, too, there was much that was forced and unreal, and little that touched the great heart of the Scottish people. Burns's Festival was a far more popular and spontaneous commemoration. Scott is but a name to a large proportion of the present generation of Scotchmen. His historical tales are being supplanted by the sensational novels of the day, and he has most honour out of his own country. The festival was held not so much by the people as by the men of letters and of wealth. In fact, the time of the gathering was antedated from his real birthday, the 15th of August, to the 9th, in order that the armigerous guests might get off before the 12th to the moors and the grouse! However, the Commemoration was a literary and rhetorical success, and Edinburgh was gay with music and banners. The sepulchre of the great poet and prophet was whitened; but let the reader now lay to heart the inner life of "mine own romantic town." Can the Municipal Authorities, and the learned professions of Law, Physic, and Divinity, and the wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh, do no more to save the wretched people of the Old Town, and to remove the disgrace that now rests on the capital of Scotland?

"At 11 last night my guide met me under the shadow of St. Giles's Church. The High Street public-houses were closing slowly, and reluctantly discharging their occupants. On the pavement the throng was already dense and noisy. Sobriety was the exception, not the rule. Some staggered stolidly along, muttering imbecile drivel to themselves as they lurched to and fro; others, mad-drunk, fought, and yelled, and cursed. Women were the worst—ragged, barefoot, unsexed wretches, with tangled hair, bosoms half bare, mouths full of the most terrible blasphemies. Some of them had children in their arms, whom it seemed as if they must drop at every stagger. One miserable creature, with scarce clothes enough to be decent, was picked up out of a foul gutter by the police and taken off to the cells, a policeman carrying the babe, which his mate had tumbled over when picking up the mother.

"The most piteous sight of all was to watch the children round the groups that fought and cursed, now scattering as some one, becoming rabid, ran amuck wildly at everything, now closing up again round two who came to close grips, tearing

each other, even sometimes biting like wild beasts. The children with timorous hands would clutch the rags of a parent, and plead whenever a chance seemed to offer, 'Come awa', 'mither,' or 'Dinna bide, father.' Not less pathetic was it to see a little one keeping patient, weary watch by the mouth of the close over a parent, and striving to avert the attention of the police from the 'drunk and incapable' creature. Sensuality held carnival. Any attempt to analyse the medley of sound was impossible; it could not but be noted with what fearful bitterness the curses came out. A drunken London mob curses lavishly, but in its oaths there is a vague aimlessness which gives a listener the idea they are mere expletives. But the whisky-maddened people of the High Street cursed each other with a hot fervour, a lurid intensity that made one's flesh creep.

"Quitting the pandemonium of the High Street, we passed down the West Bow into the Grassmarket. A fight was raging on the spot where the mob hanged Porteous. The guide, shouldering past a crowd of drunken dirty wretches, led the way into a narrow passage, which bears the name of Gilmour's Close. The walls of the court had been covered with a coat of whitewash; but its broken pavement reeked again with nastiness, and the smells were horrible. Two haggard beldames that were furiously cursing each other as they fought desisted from both pastimes when they saw my guide, and greeted him with tipsy familiarity. Turning to the left, we entered at once a dirty kitchen crowded with drunken beggars, male and female. We groped our way up the foul and broken staircase into a labyrinth of squalid rooms above, littered with dirty beds, and smelling inexpressibly foul. Sleep was impossible for any one in such a den on account of the din of fighting and screaming below, the rolling about and imprecations of drunken people everywhere, and the wailing of forlorn children.

"Quitting a place not fit for pigs, we passed into another close, and ascending to the top of a narrow, tortuous, broken, and dirty staircase, entered a foul low-roofed room, containing not a scrap of furniture. In each corner was a little heap of dirty straw, on which nestled, tangled in strange confusion, some children. It was impossible to tell how many, but was easy to tell that all were dirty, sore, covered and infested with vermin. By the low fire crouched two crones, both drunk and loquacious; and lower down in the same house we entered a room, the walls of which, rotten and full of cracks, were matted with torn layers of mouldy paper swarming with vermin. Across the centre of the low ceiling ran a beam, so bent and strained that it was amazing it had not broken long ago. Gaping holes in the floor were filled up by great stones, and moonlight was visible through the fissures in the walls. In another room, dirty as a pigsty, lay a bundle of foul rags, which we were told was a woman 'that had taken a drap'; her feet lay in the heap which was swept in the corner—ashes, filth, herring bones, and muck miscellaneous. Her head was in perilous proximity to a fire that burned between two loose stones.

"Down the dirty stairs, and up another winding stair still dirtier and more broken, we had to pass through drunken crowds fighting and yelling in the narrow squalid court. At the top of the rickety stairs we entered a place which cannot be called a room, roofed in by the bare rafters; only where they joined was there standing room for even a small man. Here we found a widow and eight children, living on a parish allowance of five shillings a week. The children were half-nude and horribly filthy. Savages live a more cleanly life than this. Yet another stair in the same close was ascended, right to the top, stumbling over heaps of rubbish, slipping among oozy filth, till we reached a dog-hole under the rafters. Going first, my guide, for the place was nowhere more than three feet high, stumbled over a woman squatted all of a heap. 'Who are you?' A grunt. He shook the creature by the dingy rag on her shoulders, and with a curse she slowly turned to us her bloated face, with a pipe stuck between the lips. 'What brings you here?' 'I dinna ken.' 'Do you live here?' 'Na;' and then, with another grunt, she turned her face away and would answer no more questions. There was at least one other living being up in this loathsome sky-parlour. As my guide tried a low door fastened with a padlock, a child on the farther side set up a dismal cry for 'mither.' Whether the creature outside was the wretched child's 'mither,' or whether she was one of the crowd whose drunken imprecations reached us even at the height we stood, it was impossible to tell. We had to leave the child weeping for the 'mither' that never came, and go farther. Thus much for 'Miss Aird's Lane and Court.'

"We turned now for the Cowgate, before the house in which Henry Brougham's parents lived. A medley of men and women, not a sober soul amongst them, surged round a couple of women who were tearing each other's faces with their nails. In an

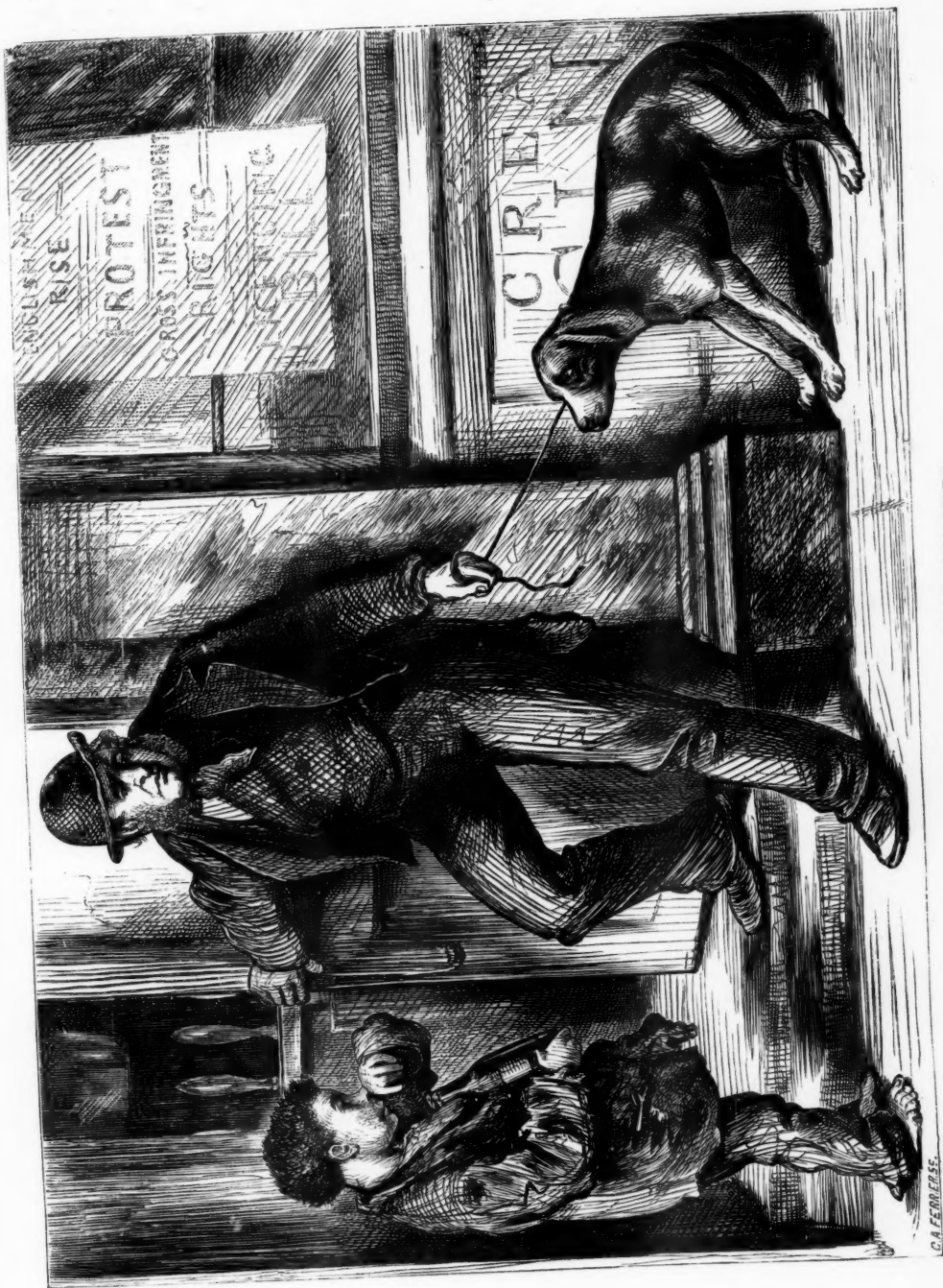
old house, with a carved coat of arms above the doorway, we found grown-up men and women sleeping together on the same bundle of rags and straw. And now we were at the 'Old Meal Market Stairs.' From each landing, passages branched out like the gallery in a coal-pit, winding in and out in seemingly endless coils among the rooms separated by rotten, vermin-haunted partitions. It was nearly two in the morning, but the place throbbed again with the noise of devilry; drunken men and women tumbled about the dark and tortuous passages, shouting incoherent imprecations, and wanting even in the instinct which teaches a wild beast its way to its own den. Shouts of murder came from one room, where a gaunt Irishman, mad drunk, was throttling his wife, who was drunk too, and tore at his eyes with her nails. Through an open door were visible a couple of dead-drunk, half-naked women lying on the bare floor. Through the smashed panel of another came the strains of a dirty chorus howled in maudlin male and female voices. Higher up the scenes were the same, right to the rooms on top of the house, lit only by narrow skylights that cannot be opened.

"In these single stairs there live, I was informed, not fewer than 150 families, besides lodgers. In such a place, unprovided with the commonest appliances of civilisation, decency is as impossible as quietude; there can be no domesticity in such a hell-hole, and the very thought of domesticity, the realisation of the meaning of the word home, seems banished utterly from its dismal interior. From house to house, from close to close, from wynd to wynd, we pursued our peregrinations, meeting ever with similar horrors. True, there were variations. Now it was a shebeen brothel, known as 'Gulf,' where hideous women made merry under the auspices of a hag who had been in a gaol so often that she had lost the count. Now it was a squalid thieves' lodging-house, being rummaged by the police, its inmates all in a flutter of terror. Now a cellar, where a wan mother, sitting in a horror of great darkness, bent over a child dying on the bare boards; and still ever as we emerged from close or wynd, into the High Street or Cowgate, the discordant din was unabated, ceaseless, till after the pure Sabbath morn had risen on the impure and disgusting scene. But the details would be wearisome, and the subject is not a pleasant one.

"A day in the British Association for the Advancement of Science and a night in the Old Town of Edinburgh—which may be broadly described as an engine for the advancement of vice, misery, disease and a general God-forgottenness—is a curious and suggestive contrast."

Granting that we have here not a little rhetorical exaggeration, there is too true a foundation for the picture of life in the Old Town of Edinburgh. In Glasgow and in London, and all the great cities, similar scenes may be witnessed. But the area of pauperism and vice in Edinburgh seems strangely small in proportion to the respectable regions of the city. The whole appears a more manageable and hopeful field for practical philanthropy than cities of vaster population.

The opening up of the ancient streets and wynds has done something for the sanitary improvement of the Old Town. Plentiful supply of pure water would do more. Why should not the waters of St. Mary's Loch be brought to Edinburgh, as those of Loch Katrine have been brought to Glasgow? It would be a noble work, worthy of the Scottish capital. The cost would be defrayed by rates less than those of London or of most great towns in England. In America the thing would be done, because the good of the people is there attended to more than that of the richer ratepayers. In Edinburgh, last year, the scenes in the poor parts of the Old Town, from want of sufficient water, were heart-rending. The ratepayers may save themselves, but at what a sacrifice of duty to the poor! The "Scotsman," the chief organ of public opinion in the North, ought to go in for less whisky and more water. If there is a visitation of cholera, the people of Edinburgh may learn what it means to be "penny wise, and pound foolish."



WHICH IS THE BRUTE?
A SKETCH TAKEN IN OXFORD STREET.

C. A. FERRELL.